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ous, it is inertia that kills. In the nursing world today there is no room for the laggard. You are compelled to keep up with the procession, or make room for some one else. It is up to you whether your alumnae association is to be one of the "trail blazers" in advancing the profession of nursing, or simply a "trailer."

Maryland

I. G. F.

A PLACE FOR THE PRACTICAL NURSE

DEAR EDITOR: Hi yi yi! what a stir that *Pictorial Review* article has made! A writer in *The Trained Nurse* is fairly foaming at the mouth about it. She cites a case of a practical nurse who was receiving seventy dollars a week for her services. Yes, and we have heard of a man riding Niagara Falls in a barrel. Fortunately he was the exception, and not the rule. Are practical nurses mercenary? What about the practical nurses who took up the ashes, tended the fires, washed dishes, washed and ironed, and sat up many nights with their sick neighbors, actuated by no other motive than compassion? What of the host of brave mothers who have brought their loved ones safely through critical illnesses? I am not "slamming" the trained nurse. I regret often and deeply that I have not had the hospital training. I am, however, making a next best substitute with earnest effort, untiring study, a passionate love of my work, exquisite cleanliness, and above all, a deep love for humanity. I have learned many things from kindly doctors and trained nurses: the use of the thermometer, the catheter, hypodermic needle, etc., and I am mighty glad to pass this knowledge on to anyone else who really loves the work and is naturally equipped for it with cheerfulness, neatness, and kindliness. A dear old paralytic lady, who had but a few days to live said to me in tremulous tones, intense with appreciation: "There is comfort in your voice." That's what we want in the profession, "comfort in the voice," as well as a knowledge of hypos, dietetics and anatomy.

Pomeroy, Pa.

M. P. A.

A NOVEL VACATION FOR A NURSE

DEAR EDITOR: Two years ago, in the early spring, after a strenuous winter spent largely in catering to the whims of private patients, I was looking through the pages of a popular magazine and was much attracted by a number of alluring advertisements of summer camps for boys and girls. I noticed in several of these the item, "resident nurse." Now one of the most cherished ambitions of my younger days has been to spend the summer as a camper at one of these playgrounds, but the state of my family's finances had never permitted me to realize this dream. But now, why not go in the capacity of camp nurse? This sudden inspiration filled me with such joy that I could scarcely control my emotion, for I was yet young and the anticipation of a summer in the open was almost too much. The financial reimbursement might not be equal to my usual income but, after all, was not health my best asset? and could I conserve it in a pleasanter way than this? Knowing nothing of the comparative merits of the camps, I determined to investigate thoroughly before attaching myself to any. I composed a carefully worded letter, stating my professional qualifications, expressing my love of young people and of out-door life and offering my services as camp nurse at a moderate salary. A typed copy of this letter, with a copy of a recommendation from the superintendent of my training school, I forwarded to the directors of a number of camps which I had selected because of long establishment, location, and personnel. In a few days I was showered with camp booklets and requests for interviews. It was not long before I had signed a contract for a nine weeks' engagement as camp nurse for a well organ-